

1484 m6

THE
MODERN
FINE LADY.

----- *Miseri quibus*
Intentata nites. HOR.



L O N D O N :

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THE

MODERN

STANDARD



How



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FINE LADY.

SKILL'D in each Art, that can adorn the Fair,
The spritely Dance, the soft *Italian* Air,
The tofs of Quality, and high-bred flier,
Now Lady *Harriot* reach'd her fifteenth Year :
Wing'd with Diversions all her Moments flew,
Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new ;
Breakfasts, and Auctions wear the Morn away,
Each Evening gives an Opera, or a Play ;

Then

Then *Brag*s eternal Joys all Night remain,
And kindly usher in the Morn again.

For Love no Time has she, or Inclination,
Yet must coquet it for the sake of Fashion ;
For this she listens to each Fop that's near,
Th' embroider'd Colonel flatters with a Sneer,
And the crop'd Ensign nuzzles in her Ear.
But with most warmth her Dress and Airs inspire
Th' ambitious Bosom of the landed Squire,
Who fain wou'd quit plump *Dolly's* softer Charms,
For wither'd lean *Right Honourable* Arms ;
He bows with reverence at her sacred shrine,
And treats her as if sprung from race Divine,
Which she returns with Insolence and Scorn,
Nor deigns to smile on a Plebeian born.

'Ere long by Friends, by Cards, and Lovers cross'd,
Her Fortune, Health, and Reputation lost ;

He

Her Money gone, yet not a Tradesman paid,
 Her Fame, yet she still damn'd to be a Maid,
 Her Spirits sink, her Nerves are so unstrung,
 She weeps, if but a handsome Thief is hung :
 By Mercers, Lacemen, Mantua-makers prest,
 But most for ready Cash for Play distrest,
 Where can She turn ? - - - The Squire must all repair,
 She condescends to listen to his Pray'r,
 And marrys him at length in mere Despair.

But soon th' Endearments of a Husband cloy,
 Her Soul, her Frame incapable of Joy :
 She feels no Transports in the Bridal-bed,
 Of which so oft Sh' has heard, so much has read ;
 Then vex'd, that She should be condemn'd alone
 To seek in vain this Philosophick Stone,
 To abler Tutors She resolves t' apply,
 A Prostitute from Curiosity :
 Hence Men of ev'ry sort, and ev'ry size,
 Impatient for Heav'n's Cordial Drop, She tries ;

The

The fribbling Beau, the rough unweildy Clown,
 The ruddy Templar newly on the Town,
 Th' Hibernian Captain of Gigantick make,
 The brimful Parson, and th' exhausted Rake.

But still malignant Fate her with denies,
 Cards yield superior Joys, to Cards She flies,
 All Night from *Rout* to *Rout* her Chairmen run,
 Again She plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in Ruin's frightful Jaws !
 Bonds, Judgments, Executions ope their Paws ;
 Seize Jewels, Furniture, and Plate, nor spare
 The gilded Chariot, or the tossel'd Chair,
 For lonely Seat She's forc'd to quit the Town,
 And *Tubbs* conveys the wretched Exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the Stones of *Tyburn-Road*,
 Ne'er prest with a more griev'd or guilty Load,
 She bids adieu to all the well-known Streets,
 And envys ev'ry Cinder-wench She meets :

And

And now the dreaded Country first appears,
 With sighs unfeign'd the dying Noise She hears
 Of distant Coaches fainter by degrees,
 Then starts, and trembles at the sight of Trees.
 Silent and fullen, like some captive Queen,
 She's drawn along unwilling to be seen,
 Until at length appears the ruin'd *Hall*
 With the grass-green Moat, and ivy'd Wall,
 The doleful Prison where for ever She,
 But not, alas ! her griefs, must bury'd be.

Her Coach the Curate and the Tradesmen meet,
 Great-coated Tenants her Arrival greet,
 And Boys with stubble Bonfires light the Street,
 While Bells her Ears with Tongues discordant grate,
 Types of the nuptial Tyes they celebrate :
 But no Rejoycings can unbend her Brow,
 Nor deigns She to return one aukward Bow,
 But bounces in disdain once to Speak,
 And wipes the trickling Tear from off her Cheek.

Now

Now feeble in the sad decline of Life,
 A peevish Mistress, and a sulky Wife;
 Her Nerves unbrac'd, her faded Cheek grown pale
 With many a real, and many a fancy'd Ail;
 Of Cards, Admirers, Equipage bereft,
 Her Insolence, and Title only left;
 Severely humbled to her One-horse Chair,
 And the low pastimes of a Country Fair:
 Too wretched to endure one lonely Day,
 Too proud for friendly Visit to repay,
 Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.
 At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
 Shunning, and shun'd by all of Human kind,
 Ev'n robb'd of the last Comfort of her Life,
 Insulting the poor Curate's callous Wife,
 Pride, disappointed Pride, now stops her Breath,
 And with true Scorpion rage She stings herself to Death.

F I N I S.



